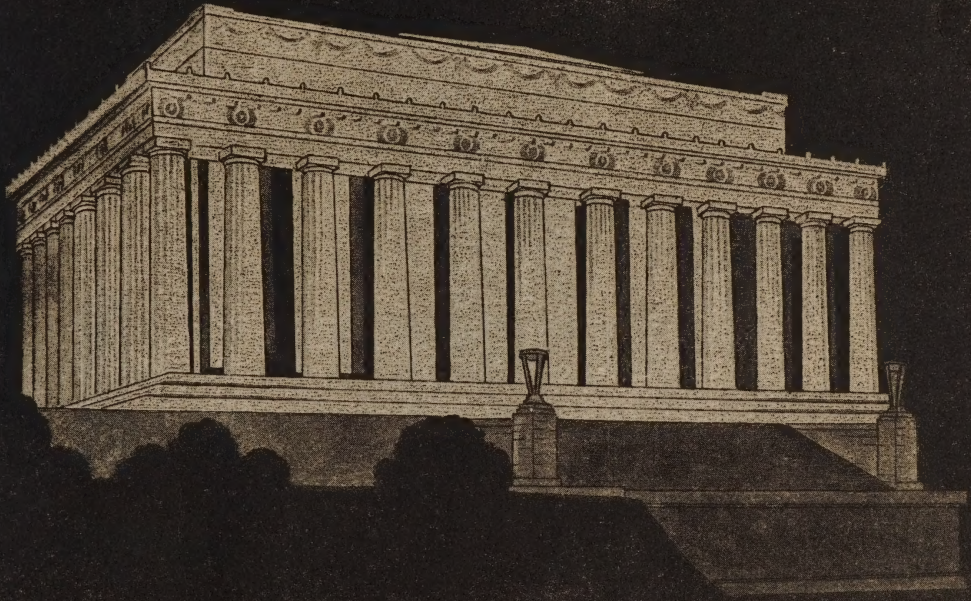


1923-F-1

FRY'S PATRIOTIC STORY

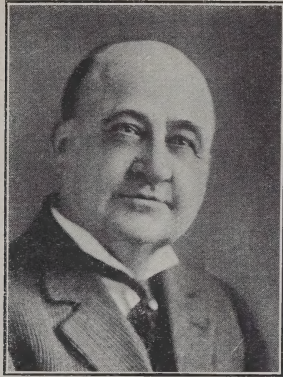
The Lincoln Memorial



LOCATED IN BEAUTIFUL
POTOMAC PARK ^^ WASHINGTON, D.C.

COPYRIGHT 1923, BY SMITH D. FRY

PATRIOTIC STORY
OF
The Lincoln Memorial



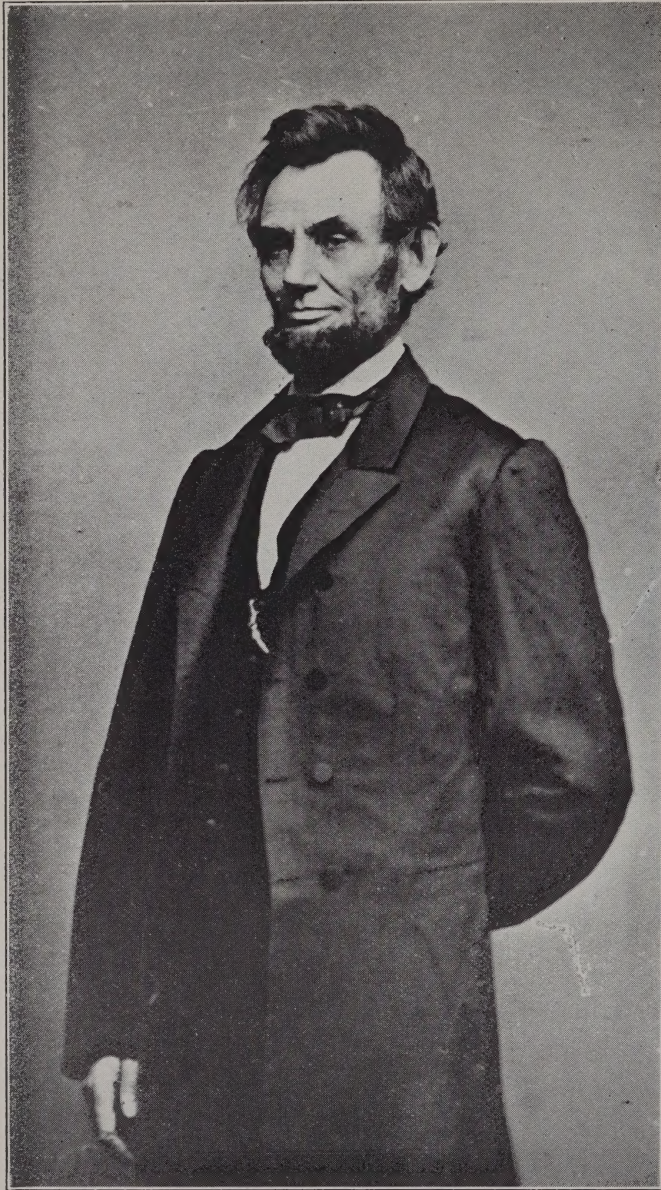
By SMITH D. FRY
Historian of the Capitol

Official Description of the Shrine

Inspirational Description Uttered by One
Who Knew Him Well

Wonderful Stories of the Wonderful Man
Never Narrated Before

Copyright, 1923



READY FOR HIS SECOND INAUGURATION

The Windowless Palace of Rest

By SMITH D. FRY

*Between vast, rock-ribbed mountains, this side th' Missis-
sippi's wave,
On the mound-builders' boundless prairies behold the
Martyr's grave!
No slave hands dug that sepulchre, no black man labored
near;
Came the northland's sad freemen weeping and mourning
where Lincoln lay sleeping,
Now the South bows and kneels by his bier.*

*No braver great crusader ever rode with spear and sword;
God sent no greater prophet forth to utter Wisdom's word;
And never earth-born statesman came, to write with quill
or pen
On history's page, a command so sage, as he proclaimed
to men.*

*Mankind thus seeks to honor him; this great Shrine for
his pall,
Where he sits in state while angels wait, with stars for
tapers tall;
Great green-walled hills like tossing plumes, about his
shrine, winds wave;
Skilled freemen's hands, in this great free land have hewn
each architrave.*

*Mausoleum nor tomb till the last crack of doom
Can ornate his home with the Blest;
Lincoln's soul is with God, though his form's 'neath the sod
In a windowless Palace of Rest.*



C. O. Therrill
C. O. Therrill,
Lieut. Col., Corps of Engineers.
Superintendent of the Lincoln Memorial

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL

ERECTED IN WEST POTOMAC PARK, WASHINGTON, D. C.
BY AUTHORITY OF CONGRESS

(Henry Bacon, New York, Architect)

WAR DEPARTMENT, CORPS OF ENGINEERS

Office of

PUBLIC BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS

Lemon Building

1729 New York Avenue, N. W.,

Mr. Smith D. Fry,

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 13, 1923.

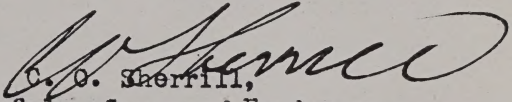
Lock Box 1714,

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIR: I have your letter of February 8, and beg to thank you for your kindness in sending me a copy of your latest work, "Lincoln and Lee," which I hope to read with a great deal of pleasure.

With respect to your request for a couple of reliable and authoritative pages concerning the Lincoln Memorial, I am sending you herewith a description of the Memorial which covers the foundation, the superstructure, the statue and the decorations. This is all that we have prepared at the present time, and I hope that it will give you the information that you desire.

Very truly yours,


C. O. Sherfill,
Lieut. Col., Corps of Engineers.

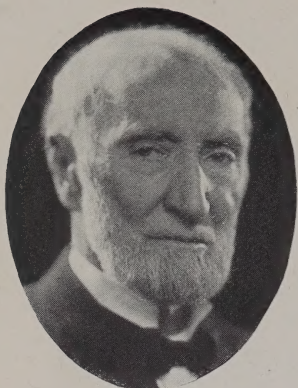
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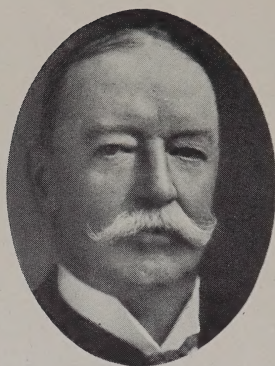
THE FOUNDATIONS

(The National Foundation & Engineering Co. and M. P. Comer)

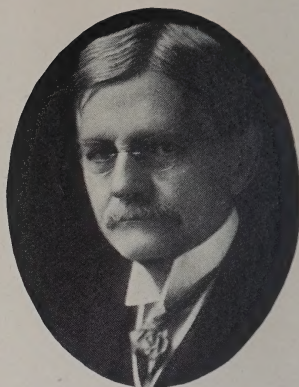
THE foundations consist of two portions—that portion below the level of the park is known as the sub-foundations; that portion above ground is known as the upper foundations. The sub-foundations consist of 122 concrete piers formed in steel cylinders driven to bed rock, which lies at a depth of from 44 to 65 feet. The cylinders were sunk by being heavily weighted and water-jetted to a depth of absolute resistance. The earth was then removed from each cylinder, the bed rock was excavated to an additional depth of two feet, and the entire space was then filled with concrete, reinforced with twelve one-inch square twisted bars set vertically in a circle six inches inside each cylinder. The tops of these cylinders at the ground level are splayed out to rectangular shape



"UNCLE JOE" CANNON
Former Speaker of the House



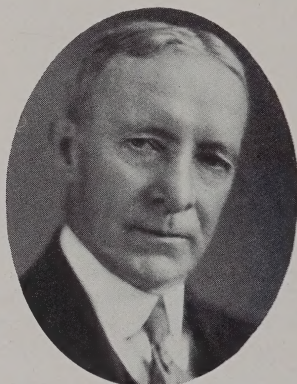
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
Former President of the United States



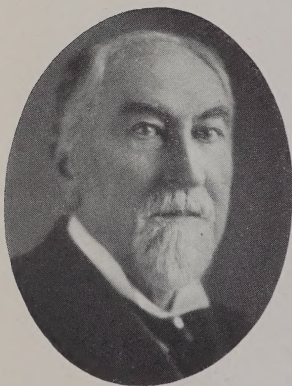
HON. THOMAS R. MARSHALL
Former Vice Pres. of the United States



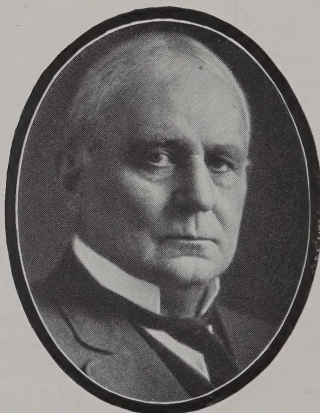
LIEUT.-COL. C. O. SHERRILL



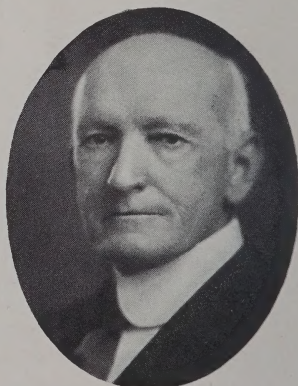
JOHN TEMPLE GRAVES



HON. NATHAN BAY SCOTT
Former U. S. Senator from West Virginia



HON. CHAMP CLARK
Former Speaker of the House



HON. SAMUEL W. McCALL
Former Governor of Massachusetts

SUPERINTENDENT SHERRILL AND THE STATESMEN WHO SERVED ON THE
LINCOLN MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

(most of them square) and are connected by a grillage of reinforced concrete one foot thick.

The upper foundations are concrete columns erected upon the tops of these piers, and are about 45 feet in height, being joined at their tops by arches poured integrally with them. Some of these columns are hollow and some of them are reinforced.

THE SUPERSTRUCTURE

(George A. Fuller Co., Builders)

The superstructure is 201 feet, 10 inches long by 132 feet wide at the outside of the bottom step of the stylobate course.

It is 181 feet long by 111 feet, 2 inches wide along a line running through the center of the columns of the colonnade.

It is 155 feet 6 inches long by 85 feet 8 inches wide along the outside of the wall of the building.

It is 146 feet 6 inches long by 65 feet wide on the interior.

It is 57 feet from the floor of the Memorial Hall to the bronze beams of the ceiling.

There are 38 columns in the colonnade, including the two which stand in the entrance.

These columns are 44 feet from the bottom joint to the top of the cap, and are composed of eleven drums each, excluding the cap.

Each column is 7 feet in diameter at the base, and is set with an entasis toward the building.

The interior columns are 5 feet 6 inches in diameter at the base, and are 50 feet high from the floor to the top of the cap.

The height of the building from the top of the foundations to the top of the attic is 79 feet 10 inches. The height from bed rock to the top of the building is therefore 79 feet 10 inches, plus 45 feet (the height of the upper foundation), plus the depth to bed rock (which varies from 44 feet to 65 feet), making an aggregate height of from 169 to 192 feet.

The building is constructed of marble, granite, lime stone, brick and concrete.

The foundations and floor slabs are constructed of concrete, most of which is reinforced.

The exterior of the building is constructed of Colorado Yule Marble, from quarries located in the Rocky Mountains, about 300 miles west of Denver. Some of the stones are of unusual size, weighing over 23 tons each. This marble was selected for its superior qualities of color, texture and uniformity, as well as for the fact that no other quarries were known to produce satisfactory stones of the size required. There are about 208,000 cubic feet of this material in the building.

The steps, platforms, and check blocks are constructed of Pink Milford Granite from Massachusetts.

The interior walls, columns, and ceiling lintels are of Indiana Lime Stone. There are about 43,500 cubic feet of this material in the building.

The interior floor, which is two inches thick, and the wall base are of Tennessee Marble. The ceiling consists of bronze beams with rectangular openings in which are placed slabs, about one inch thick of marble from Alabama. These admit the light from overhead, through the glass skylight which covers the building.

The decorative carving upon the stone work was done by Ernest C. Bairstow of Washington, D. C.

The Nation's Shrine

ONLY SUCH WONDERFUL WORDS AS COME BY INSPIRATION; words that peer into the soul of hearers or readers; words that can illuminate the imagination of patriotic intelligence with the iridescence of spirituality, can



even approximately portray the LINCOLN MEMORIAL, as you view it here. It is a modest monument to the vision of the architect, and to the skill of the master builders, while it is at the same time exactly what each and all of us desired, a grand, glorious, and incomparable LINCOLN MEMORIAL.

THE STATUE

(Daniel Chester French, Sculptor)

The statue is executed in white marble. It is a seated figure upon an oblong pedestal about 10 feet high, 17 feet from front to back by 16 feet wide. The plinth between the pedestal and the bottom of the seat is one foot seven inches thick. The statue is 19 feet high from the top of the plinth to the top of the head. The extreme width of the statue (including the drapery over the chair) is 19 feet.

THE DECORATIONS

(Jules Guerin, Artist, New York)

The decorations are on canvas, each piece of which weighs 600 pounds and cost \$400. About 150 pounds of paint is on each canvas. Each canvas is 60 feet long and 12 feet wide. The figures are $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. The decorations were painted entirely by the artist without assistance. There are about 48 figures in the two panels. Almost as many models as figures were used. The head of Mr. Bacon, the architect, appears in the decoration on the north wall, the fourth figure in the group at the left of the Angel.

The decorations are absolutely weather-proof, the paint being mixed with white wax and kerosene. The wax hardens but does not allow the paint to crack the chemical. Chemically, it is similar to the wax found in the tombs of the Kings of Egypt, which is still pliable. The decorations are affixed to the wall with a mixture of white lead and Venetian varnish.

The decorations are not intended to tell a story, much being left to the spectator's imagination. In general terms the decorations on the south wall represent the emancipation of a race; the subordinate groups represent civilization and progress. The decoration on the north wall represents Reunion and Progress in the arts and sciences.

Grandeur of Location

SITUATED on the brow of a magnificent eminence, visible from every angle, the Captiol at Washington has been regarded for many years as the most imposing public building in the world; because of its location, as well as by reason of its incomparable architecture.

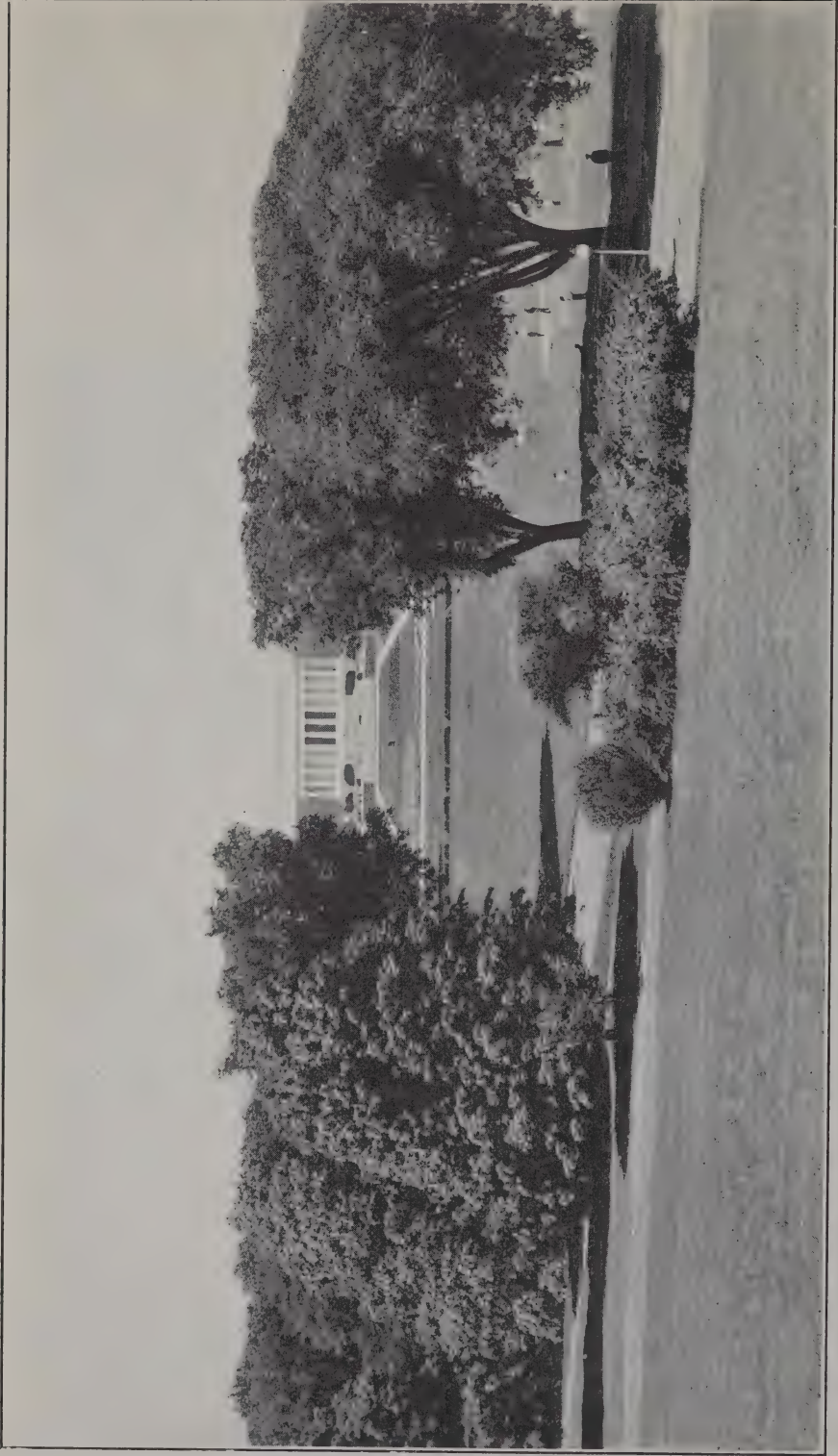
But, the Lincoln Memorial is imposing and glorious also by reason of the grandeur of its isolation. The appropriateness of the setting of the greatest of memorials to the greatest of the Americans of our day and generation, is approved by all; the fitness of the location being beyond question and above criticism.

The Honorable John Hay, diplomat, statesman, Secretary of State, master of English diction, and author of renown, and one who loved Abraham Lincoln from the boyhood days when he was private secretary to the President of the Republic, has said:

"Lincoln deserves this place of honor. He was one of the immortals.

"One should not approach too near to the immortals.

"His monument must stand alone, remote from the common habitations of men; far apart from the business turmoils of a city.



THE MEMORIAL VISTA THROUGH THE TREES

"It should be isolated, distinguished, serene.

"Of all the sites advocated, discussed, and surveyed, this one near the Potomac River is the best and most suited for the purpose."

All Americans should visit the shrine, behold it and judge for themselves. Since the days when boundless wealth gave employment to the best brain and brawn on earth in the building of Solomon's temple; or, since the mourning prince produced matchless Taj-Mahal, there has been nothing emanating from the minds of men that can compare with this national tribute to the one man whom all peoples and all nations voluntarily and reverently honor.

In the Beginning

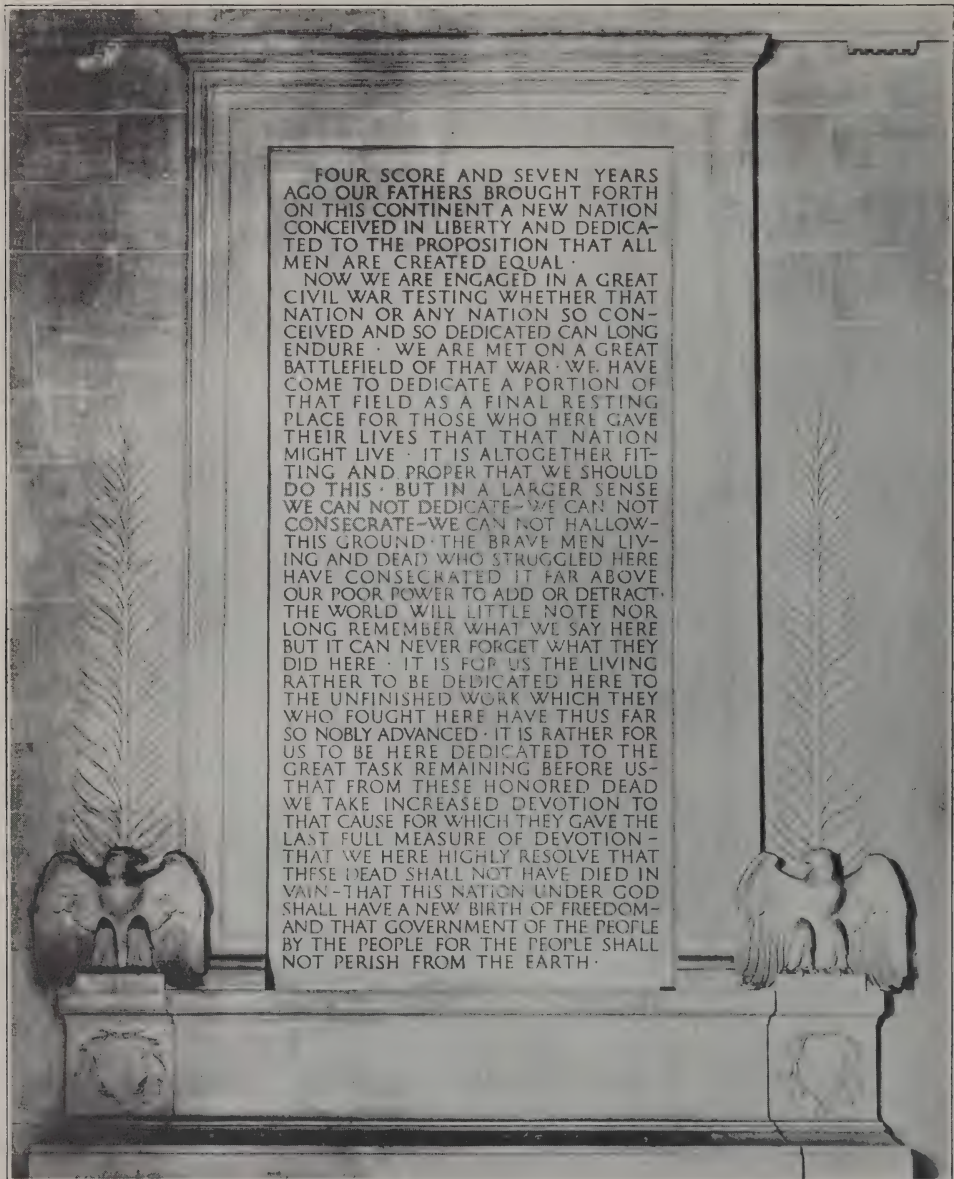
HONOR to whom honor is due! That this great country should and ought to provide and maintain a suitable, and therefore a magnificent Lincoln Memorial, originated in the heart and brain of a statesman of Illinois; a grand man himself. Having been born in Kentucky transplanted to Illinois by his parents, and having resided near Lincoln, it was quite natural that Senator Shelby M. Cullom should have been especially interested in his endeavor to keep ever green in the memory of the nation, the name, the fame, and the outstanding public services of Abraham Lincoln.

Moreover, it had been his good fortune to know the greatest of Americans, to have seen him often, and to have conversed with him; and, it should be recorded also that Senator Cullom was so like Lincoln in personal appearance, that his friends, in complimentary manner, kept before him constantly the name of the man whom he so greatly resembled in feature and in mannerism.

Senator Cullom looked like Lincoln, talked like Lincoln, lived like Lincoln, and so mingled with the plain people that he loved like Lincoln because of his natural tendency to associations with the meek and the lowly.

On several occasions when physical feebleness manifested itself; when he felt the corroding canker and the gnawing tooth of Time, in his last days, Senator Cullom told the historian that he was praying for additional days and, if need be, years of life, in order that he might witness the accomplishment of his fervently well-sustained purpose; and those prayers were granted; for, "more things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

So, when the congressional legislation was finally completed under his leadership, and when the Memorial Act of Congress was approved by the President, February 1, 1911, thus becoming effective on that date, the aged and aging statesman said: "Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace."



THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

President Taft appointed three Members of the Senate and three Members of the House, to constitute the Lincoln Memorial Commission, on February 20, 1913, and that Commission acting in accordance with the Fine Arts Commission, selected the site in West Potomac Park, for numerous reasons. The two chief reasons actuating the Commission were, first the admirable suitability of that locality; and, second, the correlative fact that the great civil engineer L'Enfant, who was appointed by President Washington, selected that point for "the axis" around which he made the plans for the founding, development and building of the Federal City, which was to be the Capital City of the newly created Republic.

That spot is exactly in the center of the original "ten miles square" which was set apart by the framers of the Constitution for the proposed seat of Government.

On September 27, 1913, the contract for initial foundation work was given to a firm well-known in Washington; one whose works on public buildings had previously met with official approval.

On February 12, 1914, with modest and unpretentious ceremonies, the ground was broken; and the great work was begun.

Very wisely, patriotically and appropriately, the Memorial Day of the Republic, usually spoken of as "Decoration Day," was chosen for the dedication of the completed Shrine, and it was dedicated on May 30, 1922; on the day when all of the people of the land were decorating the graves of the soldiers of the Republic, as they do annually on that national holiday.

Former President Taft was present. Former President Wilson was unable to attend the ceremonies, because of his unfortunate affliction; but President Harding was there and delivered a touchingly feeling and appropriate address, in memory of the Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the Nation; the martyr leader whose life was yielded in the cause, the almost internecine strife in which so many thousands of lives had been sacrificed.

Although Abraham Lincoln "belongs to the ages," as a man of incomparable greatness, chiefly because of his issuance of the Proclamation of Emancipation, his greatest oratorical utterance, a masterpiece of pure English, was the Gettysburg Address.

Word Portrait of the Peasant Prince

PROVIDENTIALLY, it now seems, during a kindly and paternal conversation with the narrator several years now past, an aging and wise elderly gentleman uttered the most incomparable and the most marvelous description of Abraham Lincoln ever conceived; and it was then given wide dissemination in newspaper publications.



FROM THE TIDAL BASIN



CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME

That it may be forever preserved for our country, that eloquently uttered word painting by one who had often seen and who had known Abraham Lincoln, is here reproduced, as then published:

"No sculptor has told the story and no artist has recorded the drama-comedy-tragedy revealed in the features of that meteor of humanity and spirituality which flashed its brightest iridescence on the field of Gettysburg," said Colonel Richard J. Bright, long time eminent in Washington as the matchless executive official of the United States Senate, the good man who was closing the eighty-fifth year of his sojourn on this planet as these lines were written.

"I saw Abraham Lincoln when I believed him to be the homeliest creature in human form ever permitted to cumber this earth, by walking and talking with the statesmen of our republic," said the venerable sage.

"I saw Abraham Lincoln on the platform engaged in earnest discussion of then current topics and I believed him to be the most forceful character ever known in the political arena.

"I saw Abraham Lincoln keyed up to righteous wrath on the subject of human slavery and I regarded him as a singularly lofty demon of immense proportions, stirring strife between the sections of our sacred union of confederated States.

"I saw Abraham Lincoln administering justice in military and naval affairs, when he seemed to be a composite incarnation of Julius Cæsar and the hero of Trafalgar.

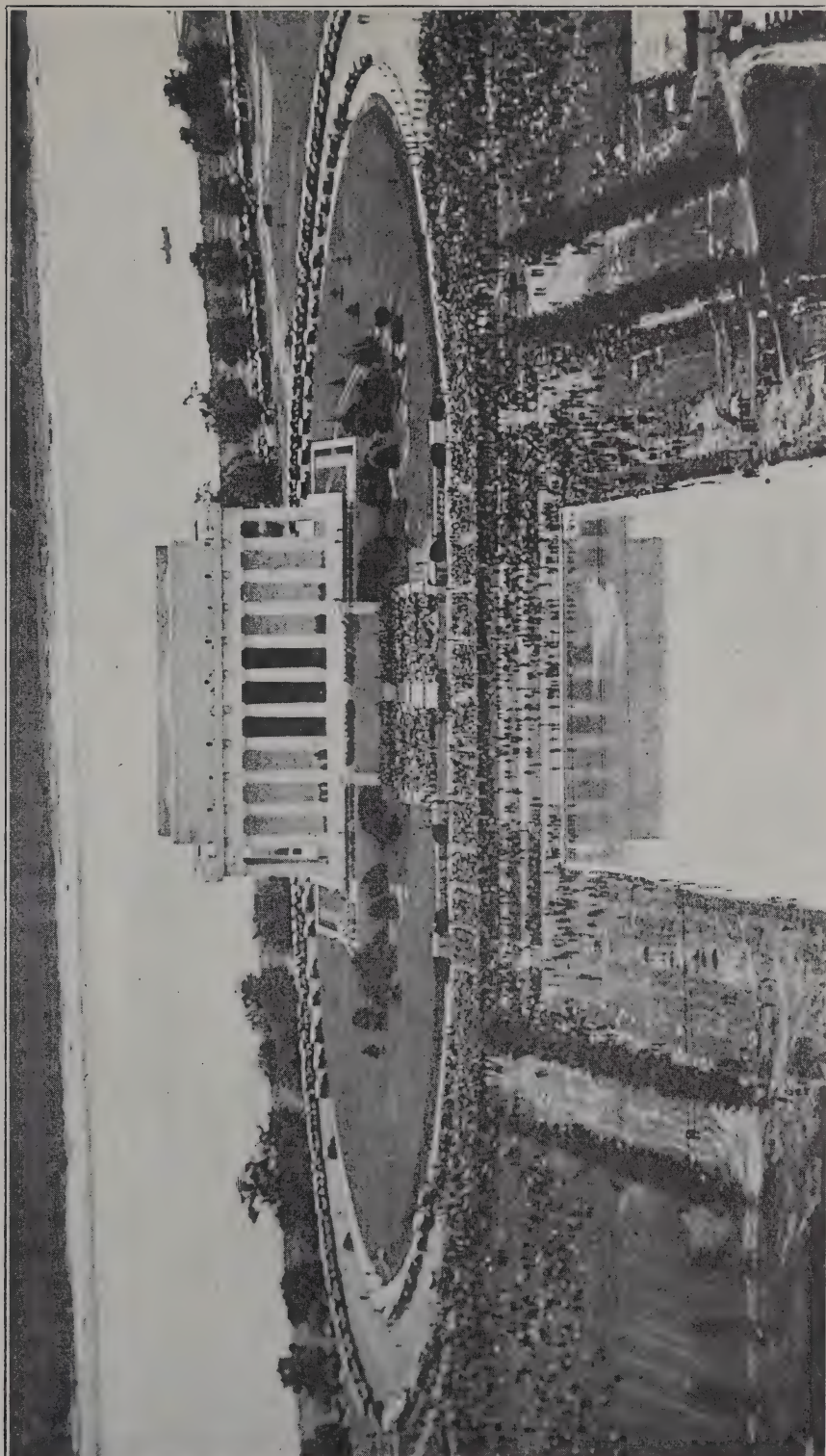
"I saw Abraham Lincoln in the White House tenderly offering to a mother mercy for her condemned son, sentenced to death by court martial; saw him revoking the doctrine of 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,' substituting for it the new commandment 'that ye love one another,' and I believed his face to be the most awe-inspiringly beautiful cameo ever cut by Almighty God to demonstrate that Omnipotence had 'created man in His own image,' and then sent His Son to say concerning mortal man:—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

"Future generations cannot see Abraham Lincoln in marble, in bronze, nor on canvas, for no human being can portray him with chisel nor with brush. Almost do I offer up a prayer for inspiration when I strive in words to picture that wonderful man, of whom it may be said with becoming reverence that he was indeed also 'a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.' "

President Zachary Taylor, Vice President Fillmore, and Speaker Howell Cobb took their places along side the receiving line while the others attending the reception proceeded on to the tables where they were met by the trained servants with mint juleps and other delicacies which were part of the necessities of all receptions in those days.



AIR VIEW FROM BOLLING FIELD SHOWING TEMPORARY WAR BUILDINGS



AIR VIEW OF DEDICATION CEREMONIES, MAY 30, 1922

Incidentally it must be noticed that the leading men of the North and of the South knew each other well. Those in civil life and those in military life were well acquainted; and, when the disunion came so speedily after that great reception at Arlington, the leading antagonists knew and could respect the merits and mental calibers of each other.

But, at that time, on that particular date, there was one Member of the House of Representatives who was not very well known. He was not included in the list of guests invited to the great reception. That he failed to receive an invitation was not because of his obscurity only. His name was well known. His one term of two years was concluded, and he was preparing to return to his distant home, after calling and paying his respects to the recently inaugurated President, Zachary Taylor.

But, even if he had remained in Washington City, the obscure Member would not have received an invitation to the reception. It was utterly impossible that he could even expect an invitation, for he belonged and he knew that he belonged to that class of citizens known as "poor white trash." He was known to be a working man. It was known that he had always been kept hard at work for his bread and butter. Men of the working classes were not expected to invade the classes of the prosperous; and they did not expect to receive invitations. This neglected Member of Congress had been working on farms of the western frontier of American civilization. Quite a large part of his lifetime had been spent in felling trees, cutting them into logs, for home building. Thousands of those felled trees, after having been cut into logs, this Member of Congress had split into rails for the building of fences. He was known, and contemptuously known, as "a rail splitter." His home was in Illinois, and

His Name Was Abraham Lincoln

THERE was complete contentment in his obscurity. He sat alone in his room on the top floor of Gadsby's Hotel; a room to which he was obliged to climb, for there were no elevators in those days; and in that room on the night after the inauguration, there came to him visions of his prairie home and the frontier friends with whom he was popular; and the coming gorgeous reception received not even a passing thought; certainly not a wish nor a regret in the simple and honest heart of Abraham Lincoln.

On the contrary, the new Congressman was solemnly reflective, saying to himself:

"Our Father in Heaven has been very good to me. He has led me out of the wilderness of poverty and anxiety into the Promised Land of peace and plenty. He leadeth me by still waters. He



PRESIDENT HARDING DELIVERING HIS ADDRESS AT THE
DEDICATION, MAY 30, 1922



THE PRESIDENT PASSING THROUGH THE CROWD AT THE DEDICATION

restoreth my soul. My ways now are ways of pleasantness and all of my paths are paths of contentment. And, Mother has plenty, too. Praise the Lord!"

As he prepared for "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," he glanced at the big old-fashioned bedstead, and smiled. It reminded him of the big bed in the rooming house of old Mrs. Bedloe, in Springfield, where, only a few years before, he had experienced difficulty in earning the money with which to pay a modest monthly rental.

Vivid memory brought before him a moving picture of old Father Speed, the gentleman from Kentucky who kept the general store at Springfield; the kind of a store that lives only in history; or, in the memories of those now old and gray or bald, or both. In those days the "frontier general store" carried a stock of everything, from pins and needles to buffalo robes and bullet molds; also molds for making tallow candles.

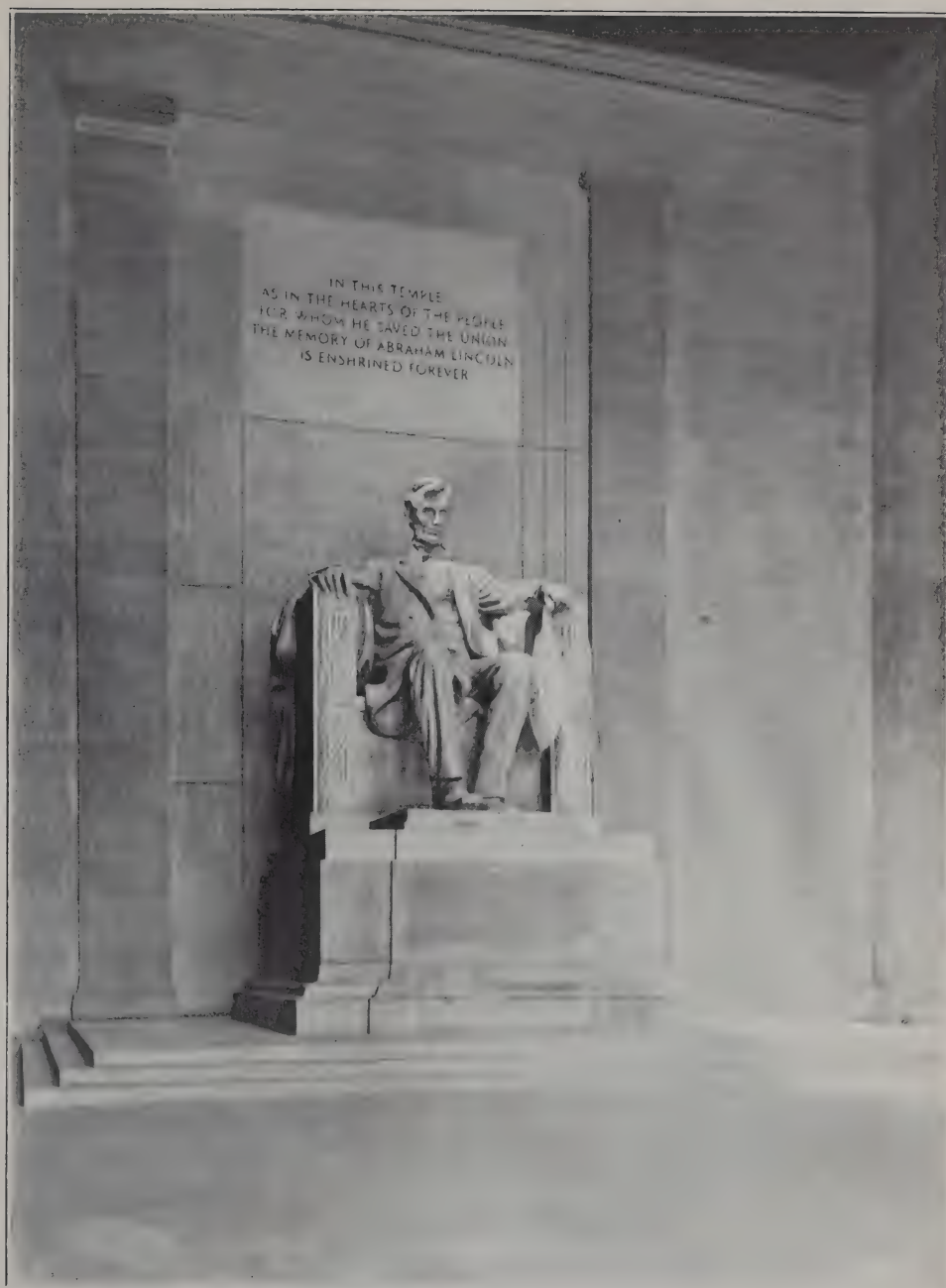
This merchant (Speed) had a young man from Louisville as his principal clerk; although he employed others as they were needed by the day or week. One damp, chilly, windy day of November the young lawyer (Lincoln) came into the big caravansary of merchandise, which covered almost half an acre of ground, sat silently beside one of the big cannon stoves which heated the place, until he caught Speed at leisure for a minute, and Lincoln said:

"Speed, I want to know what it will cost for a single bedstead, mattress and a pillow. I've got a big buffalo robe, which I use in the cutter when I am obliged to travel; and that robe will do for a covering at nights on my bed. I have two rooms at my shack. The front room is all the law office I need, and I can make a bedroom of the back room and thus save rent. Times are awful hard and if I can buy a little bed and outfit, with time to pay for it, I can save quite a bit of money in rent in the course of the year."

That little statement told of poverty and of a struggle for existence without thinking of comfort, much less of luxury. Abraham Lincoln was poor; yes, pitifully poor.

When Lincoln Moved

After some conversation on the subject Speed told the young lawyer, whom he liked very much and for whom he had a special regard, because of his having been born in Kentucky; for Kentuckians are clannish, always have been, and may they always continue to be, neighborly clannish; so Speed liked Lincoln and told him that his clerk, the young man from Louisville, was going back home on the following day, which was Saturday; that he was to be married and remain in Kentucky. Speed then asked the poor young lawyer to go upstairs with him, and Lincoln accompanied him.



THE HEART OF THE MEMORIAL

The second story (and it was the top story, too) contained hundreds of barrels and boxes of merchandise of all sorts. Threads were strung all around the walls and ceilings, and they carried dried apples and dried peaches for sale and use during the winter. In the center, near the sheetiron "drum" which surrounded the stovepipe and radiated heat for that upper floor, there was a big bedstead, with feather bed and feather pillows, and also plenty of bedding. Speed said:

"If you can get along here, Abe, you can have this place, rent free, until you get better fixed. Take the place, save rent, keep warm, be comfortable, and take what you want to eat out of the store; and pay me, boy, when you get good and ready."

Gravely and sincerely Lincoln thanked Speed for the offer, knelt down beside the bed for a couple of minutes and went downstairs. There was no telephone to use in those days. There was no transfer company. Drays were few and far between on that day when Lincoln wanted to move his household goods. But he managed to pack up all his belongings that afternoon and move. Inside of half an hour after leaving the store Abraham Lincoln came back, carrying across his shoulders an old-fashioned pair of saddle bags, such as were carried on horses' backs back of the saddle. Lincoln passed through the store, went upstairs, walked to the bed and was heard to drop the saddle bags. Then he ran lightly downstairs, went to the big cannon stove, sat down in an old, well-whittled chair, poked his big feet up against the railing around the stove, looked at the proprietor and said:

"Well, Speed, I've moved!"

The Year of the Comet

You never heard of the wrath of Abraham Lincoln, did you? Well, General Tom Ewing of Indiana told the old-timers on ancient Newspaper Row, in Washington city, an incident which he termed "a narrow escape from the just wrath of President Lincoln."

To understand it thoroughly the average reader must ask old grand-pa or grand-ma to describe the immense comet which overcast the sky, really overspreading it, for many moons in the year of 1857.

Excepting the few scientists who comprehended the history of the comet, all of the people of the world were frightened; and the plain people of this country were praying and following a sect called "Miller-ites," who had been predicting the end of the world at that time. It was during the height of the excitement, apprehension and alarm caused by the comet that General Ewing was in Vincennes, Ind., ready to take a coach for transportation to Indianapolis. He said:

"In front of the hotel there was a four-horse old-fashioned coach with a very venerable driver. On the rear seat I found a rustic



HENRY BACON, ARCHITECT (AT RIGHT), AND DANIEL CHESTER FRENCH, SCULPTOR, AT BASE OF STATUE

farmer, or farmer's son, making himself comfortable. Now, I did not want to ride backward, so I approached him and said:

" 'My dear fellow, Governor Willard of Indiana is coming out in a minute and I know that it makes the Governor seasick to ride backward. So, if you don't mind, it would be a nice thing if you would take the front seat and leave the rear seat for the Governor.'

"The farmer picked up his straw hat, put it on his bushy mat of black hair and through his black whiskers came the words, very cheerfully spoken:

" 'All right, let the Governor have the back seat. I guess I won't get seasick, as I have never been to sea.'

"Gathering his cheap linen duster around his skeleton and picking up his big carpetbag, the lanky fellow sidled across, took the front seat and left the best seat, the back one, for Governor Willard of Indiana, and also for his diplomatic friend, General Tom Ewing.

The Tale of a Comet

"It was a rainy day and we traveled over an awfully muddy road, through a sea of mud. Governor Willard and I talked about the comet, what the newspapers were saying and what the magazines were guessing about it. The lanky one asked several questions, showing some knowledge of current rumor, and we put him off with brief, pert answers. Finally he addressed me by name, although I had not given him any name, and asked:

" 'General Ewing, if you know what effect this comet will have on the earth I will be obliged for the information.'

"Afterwards I remembered his decent and respectful manner, but at the time I was annoyed, and shut him up for good by saying:

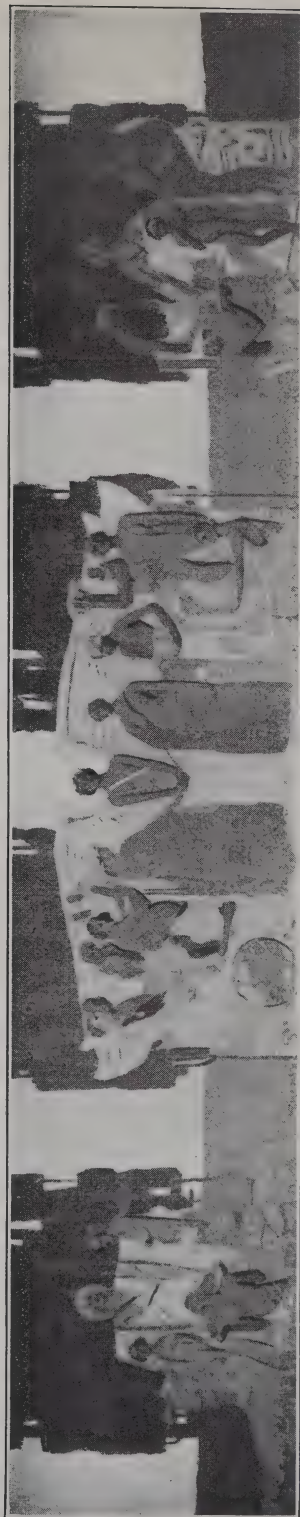
" 'I have no doubt that the derned thing will grip up this earth and run away to hell with it.'

"That finished him for the day. He asked no more, but respectfully listened, as we expected him to do. When we got to Indianapolis in the evening the gawky fellow rubbed resentment and reproach into my soul by jumping out into the mud, picking up a plank, placing it where Governor Willard and I could walk to the board sidewalk dry-shod, and he disappeared into the hotel before either one of us could utter an expression of appreciation. Governor Willard said that Sir Walter Raleigh couldn't have done the act any better.

"Half an hour later Governor Willard and I were at one of the big tables in the dining room, which was crowded, when the farmer came in, looked around for a seat and moved toward our table. I asked Governor Willard if I should invite the fellow to our table, and was advised to do so, for there was a vacant seat next to Governor Willard, and I motioned for the tall country fellow to come, and he came.



MURAL DECORATIONS TYPIFYING EMANCIPATION (SOUTH WALL) JULES GUERIN, PAINTER



MURAL DECORATIONS TYPIFYING REUNION (NORTH WALL) JULES GUERIN, PAINTER

"He looked a great deal better. He had combed his shock of black hair and had somehow smoothed his whiskers. He wore a black Prince Albert coat, which was some worn, but looked genteel. As he came alongside of us he thanked Governor Willard, and also thanked me, for the honor of a seat at our table.

"Apparently he was a very light eater, although he was a tall fellow and big enough to swing a heavy scythe or rake in a harvest field. He finished while the Governor and I were taking dessert, and as he arose he thanked us again for the honor, and asked Governor Willard if he might tell folks out West that he had sat at the same table at supper with Governor Willard of Indiana, and the Governor graciously gave him that permission.

"The Governor, having dressed in my room for the evening, descended the stairs with me, as he was intending soon to go to the executive mansion. We heard gay laughter and rounds of applause in the parlor, and I asked one of the old hotel employes who the tall man was that stood in the parlor, and whom the people were so lustily cheering, and his reply was:

" 'That is a lawyer from out West somewhere, Illinois I believe. He comes here two or three times a year. His name is Lincoln, Abraham Lincoln, and he is a fine story teller.'

"The ride, the story of the comet, the supper and all were forgotten soon, but in the spring of 1861, less than four years later, I went to Washington city to ask that same gawky fellow to appoint me to the important and desirable office of minister to Mexico. Although I had the hearty indorsement of the leading Republicans of Indiana, I realized that I was facing the pent-up wrath of the man whom I had directly and keenly insulted on that occasion, and needlessly, too, for he had been gentlemanly and courteous, while I had been boorish.

"I told my friends about it, and they were prepared with bushels of excuses for me. But, fortunately, the big man in the White House looked me over very keenly, did not recognize me, grasped my hand very cordially and said:

" 'General Ewing, the country needs men of experience; men who are indorsed as you are by big men. Unfortunately for you individually, however, I have promised that place to Tom Corwin of Ohio. I have chosen him for the position of minister to Mexico.'

"I believed, and my friends believed, that he was merely throwing the harpoon of vengeance into me, but he was not. He really did not remember me, and he said: 'Now I hope that you will look over the list of possibilities, select something substantially as good and come back to me. The country needs veteran soldiers and men of experience who have proved their love of country. Come and see me again, and we will get together somehow.'



REFLECTING BASIN FROM ENTRANCE TO THE MEMORIAL

“Within a week I called again, properly accompanied, and asked to be made minister to Brazil, and President Lincoln gave me a note to the Secretary of State, ordering that appointment. It was made and promptly confirmed by the Senate.

“Just about one month I spent at the Department of State receiving instructions concerning the duties of the position. Then when I was ready to go to Brazil I was accompanied to the White House by the Secretary of State, William H. Seward, to receive my final instructions from the President and to say good-by to him.

“President Lincoln gave me greater, better, more comprehensive instructions than I had received at the Department of State. He was very earnest, very grave and thoroughly impressed me with the trust which was reposed in me by my country. He made me understand that the diplomatic representatives of some countries of South America, and of all except Russia in the countries of Europe, would be likely to mislead me into quarrels or controversies. My duty was to keep sober and calm under all circumstances. Nothing unexpected should be allowed to unbalance my mental equilibrium. One careless deed or word of mine might prove to be of grave danger, possibly fatal to our country.

“Secretary Seward listened carefully, as I did. At the conclusion of the audience President Lincoln bade me good-by and godspeed, went to the door with the Secretary and me and there he took my hand and heartily squeezed it in his powerful grip and said:

“‘Now you do your duty; I will do my duty, and between us,’ here he threw his long left arm around my shoulders and added, ‘we ought to be able, Tom, to keep that derved old comet from running to hell with this old earth. Good-by.’”

Contentment in Obscurity

ARLINGTON MANSION, on the Virginia Heights opposite the City of Washington, was the scene of the greatest and most magnificent Public Reception ever given and attended on this continent.

It was on March 8, 1849, and the host of the occasion was George Washington Parke Custis, the son of the only son of Martha Washington; who had been the adopted son of George Washington. He was a gentleman worthy of his grandmother, and always a credit to the instructions and teachings of the Father of his country who loved him, and whose memory he revered with almost idolatrous loyalty.

Never before and never afterwards was there such a picture of pride and power and pomp in this country; and no such picture can ever again be presented. Over the some-time famous old Long Bridge,



READING THE BIBLE WITH HIS FAVORITE BOY, "TAD"

there was a procession of gentlemen on horse back, ladies in carriages, individual parties of ladies and gentlemen riding high-stepping thoroughbreds; and all of those ladies and gentlemen were individuals of the upper tondom of exclusive society. They represented the incipient nobility of this republic. Wealth flashed its jewels and expensive apparels, but the nobility of intelligence also was there, and compelled implicit obedience to the declaration that "all men are created equal."

Only in memory of the aged and ageing, and only upon the pages of history can the Long Bridge live. Such styles of raiment for men as well as for women cannot now be reproduced, nor ever will be; and never upon any stage can be depicted the scene of that procession of the elect across that highway to the Arlington estate, through the embowered roadways ascending Arlington Heights, and into the great enclosure of landscape surrounding the mansion.

Gayety prevailed, happiness was the dominating spirit of the occasion. Although ambition may have shrouded the hearts of some of the guests there, as everywhere, even the faces of those were masked with smiles as seemingly real as the indescribable smiles of innocence upon the beautiful faces of babes in the arms of mothers.

And so, at the appointed time on the afternoon of March 8, 1849, a wonderfully beautiful spring-time day, joy was unconfined; and as the guests began to arrive a line was formed along the graveled pathway south of the mansion; lively chattering and gossiping echoing in the trees not unlike the musical discussions of the myriads of birds.

And, while the reception was at the pinnacle of perfection and "soft eyes looked love to eyes that spake again, and all went merry as a marriage bell," the weather was developing mischief. "The snow, the beautiful snow," was mantling the land, and, while the sun was placing its good-night kiss upon the Federal City, and was touching with gold the tall tree tops while it purpled the distant hills, the winds began to whistle weird warnings.

Consequently there was another moving picture on the Long Bridge; a picture of unrestrained gayety and undiminished happiness, as the returning procession proceeded upon, over and through the white roadway. Bright eyes were brighter and roseate cheeks in perfect health became ruddy and glowing as the rich and the great, in the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate, rode, marched and ambled homeward. That night many a gallant knight and many a lady fair retired to comfortable beds to "listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead."

You should have been told before that, although useful and absolutely necessary to contiguous mankind, the Long Bridge was not ornamental, and there were no solemn obsequies when it was destroyed to make room for the modern highway bridge, an architectural achievement which is as beautiful as it is useful. But, between the two pictures of the bridge we must return and participate in



LINCOLN AND HIS GENERALS, TAKEN AFTER THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM, AT
ANTIETAM, MARYLAND

1. Col. DeLos B. Sackett; 2. Maj. Montieth; 3. Gen. N. B. Sweitzer; 4. Gen. G. W. Morell; 5. (Not identified); 6. Gen. Geo. B. McClellan; 7. Scout Adams; 8. Col. Alexander S. Webb; 9. Gen. Geo. A. Custer; 10. President Lincoln; 11. Gen. H. J. Hunt; 12. Gen. Fitz John Porter; 13. Pinkerton. 14. Col. Fred Locke; 15. Gen. A. A. Humphrey; 16. Col. Bachelder, Ordnance Officer, 5th Army Corps.

This photo was taken by A. Gardener, located at that time at 511 Seventh street, Washington, D. C.

Allow the bearer, S. S. Bradford,
to pass by any route to
his home in Chepoper Co.
Va. and then to remain
so long as he does not mis-
behave,
Dec. 21, 1864. A. Lincoln

AUTOGRAPHED PAROLE

The Great Reception at Arlington

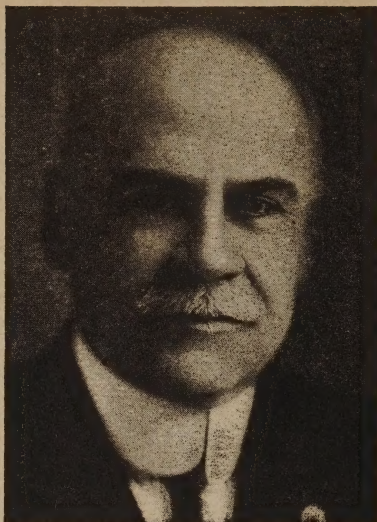
On the lower step of the great Greek Portico of the Arlington Mansion stood the receiving line, George Washington Parke Custis, then 65 years of age, dressed in the garments of Colonial days, and next to him his wife; next to her the son-in-law of whom they both were very proud, Lieutenant Colonel Robert E. Lee, and next to him the wife who loved him with an almost matchless affection.

The Marine Band was then an infant musical organization under the direction of Professor Scala, and the members of that band were properly located on the portico.

At the head of the receiving line of that greatest home reception ever held in this republic came Zachary Taylor, President of the United States, next to him Millard Fillmore, Vice President of the United States; Howell Cobb of Georgia, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and following them the Members of the United States Senate and of the House of Representatives, and next to them the Members of the Cabinet of the new Administration.



HIS FAVORITE PLACE OF REST IN THE WHITE HOUSE



ALL OF FRY'S PATRIOTIC STORIES DISSEMINATE
THE AMERICAN'S CREED

by

Wm. F. Page

I BELIEVE in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic; a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes.

I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.